Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiesty,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.
The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.
Yorke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
King. Villaine, ile make thee safe.
Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
King. What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hast forbids me show.
Au. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and nos loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From

From whence this streame thro
Hath hald his current, and defil
Thy ouerflow of good conuert
And thy aboundant goodnesse
This deadly blot in thy digressi
Yorke. So shall my Vertue, b
And he shall spend mine honor,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scrap
Mine honour liues when his dis
Or my shamde life in his dishon
Thou kilst me in his life giuing
The traitor liues, the true man's
Dutch. What ho, my Liege f
King. What shrill voyc'd sup
Dutc. A woman, and thy Au
Speake with me, pittie me, oper
A Begger begs, that neuer begd
King. Our scene is altered fr
And now changde to the Begga
My dangerous Cosin, let you
I know she is come, to pray for
Yorke. If thou do pardon w
More sinnes for this forgiuenes
This festred ioynt cut off, there
This let alone, will all the rest co
Dut. Oh King, beleeue not t
Loue louing not it selfe, none o
Yorke. Thou franticke woman,
Shall thy old dugs once more a
Dut. Sweete Yorke be patien
King H. Rise vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my k
And neuer see day that the happ
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou
By pardoning Rutland, my tran
Au. Vnto my mothers praie